... And Now For Something Completely Different
by Anathema Device (notowned)

Summary

Jean, Lord of Treville, summons the bravest men and women in the land to do battle for the hands of his four sons on Midsummer’s Day.

Notes

This is crack, pure and simple. I haven't listed pairings because it's really that silly.

Please don't hit me ;)

Jean, Lord of Treville, summoned the bravest men (Aramis insisted) and women in the land to do battle for the hands of his four sons on Midsummer’s Day.

The competition was to be held in the grounds of the Garrison Palace, and marvellous were the preparations. Loud were the trumpets. Generous was the food and drink.

Massive was Athos’s headache. “Why? Why must I, father?” he groaned into his pillow.

“Grandchildren!” the Lord of Treville barked. “I’m tired of trying to make you four behave. I want children I can mould and shout at and turn into proper little soldiers.”

“We’re proper soldiers,” Porthos complained.
“The other word was ‘little’,” his father retorted. “Ordering giants like you and d’Artagnan around gives me neck-ache. So marry, breed. Leave home, for the love of God. I can’t afford Athos’s wine bill any more.”

So, still grumbling, and wearing smoked glass spectacles against the sun, Athos slouched out, followed by his siblings, who were a lot more eager to see what the country had coughed up as potential spouses.

Treville’s herald, Richelieu was seen to rub his hands as the lord and his sons sat down. “Winter is coming,” he sang to himself. Just then a large blue box appeared and he was yanked inside, never to be seen again.

Monsieur Lavoie, the hastily appointed new herald, announced the first challenger. “Anne of Winter, my lord. Otherwise know as Anne de Breuil, Clarick de Winter, Milady—”

“Yes, we know who she is,” Treville snapped.

Winter sauntered in, wearing a dark green dress. “What weapon do you choose?” Treville asked.

“Love spells,” she said, then hurled a spooky little green special effect towards the dais, right at Athos.

But Porthos stepped in its path, receiving it head on. Winter growled, and waited.

And waited.

“Why isn’t it working?”

“I am immune to femmes fatales,” Porthos announced proudly. “I am protected by a dispositif de tracé.”

“Bugger,” Winter said.

“Anything else?” Treville asked.

“Yes. Watch.” She turned to the ranks of guards, and bared her breasts. Twenty men fainted. She turned to face the dais. Athos swooned.

“Very well. You can take on the next challenger. Herald?”

“Welcome, Constance of Bonacieux!”

In stalked a beautiful redhead with a corset made of iron, swishing a rapier and growling. “Fight me, come on, someone fight me!”

D’Artagnan started a nosebleed.

“Ladies, you may begin.”

Anne of Winter pointed her breasts at Bonacieux, and even heaved them a couple of times for good measure, while her beauteous emerald eyes glistened with unshed tears. (Aramis wiped his brow.)

Bonacieux yanked off her shawl, threw it over Winter’s quivering boobs, and poked her with the rapier. “Begone! You have no power over me, because you are not my type!”

Winter collapsed on the ground and wept. Athos fainted again.
“Winner, Bonacieux. Remove the loser,” Lavoie decreed. “Next challenger is Queen Anne of Hapsburg.”

In walked an elegant woman in palest blue, her blonde hair piled artfully upon her head. She smiled sweetly at Bonacieux, who staggered and clapped her forehead. “Enough! I submit!” Bonacieux cried. “I cannot fight her because she is exactly my type!”

The two women embraced. “My lord,” Queen Anne cried, “let Mistress Constance remain in the competition, so long as she does not compete with me!”

“Okay,” Treville said, adjusting himself. Queen Anne was exactly his type too. Aramis was now fanning himself. “Next?”

“The Count of Hard Rock!” Lavoie called.

In slunk a man with unpleasant hair, clad in tanned lizard skin. “You only have women?” he sneered. “I can take both of them on at once, and then I demand to be given the body of Aramis as a reward.”

“Alive or dead?” Treville asked.

“Father!” Aramis exclaimed.

“Dead it is, then,” Treville said.

“Fine by me,” Hard Rock said. “I don’t mind either way.”

“Euww,” the crowd moaned in unison.

“Begin,” Treville said, waving his hand.

Hard Rock drew his sword and his knife and began to wave them about with great energy. Queen Anne rolled her eyes at Constance, before stepping forward, extracting a hairpin from her mane, and slashing the man across his face. While he was squalling about his eye, Constance moved in and stabbed him with her sword.

“Bloody men,” they said in unison.

“Yeah, really,” the crowd replied.

“Winners, Queen Anne and Constance of Bonacieux!”

“Father, shouldn’t I get one of them since he lost?” Aramis whispered.

“Shut up,” Treville said. “Next!”

Sylvie of Boden, my lord!”

A tall woman with tawny skin and amazing hair marched in, bearing a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. She saw Queen Anne and Constance holding each other around the waist, and turned to the dais, tossing her weapons down into the dust. “I will never fight another woman just to advance myself, my lord.”

Porthos applauded, Aramis stroked his moustache, and Athos fainted again. “Very well. But you must fight someone. Captain Marcheaux?”

As soon as Marcheaux stepped forward, Sylvie hurled herself at him, beating him around the head.
with her fists, and kneeing him in the groin for good measure.

“Oooh,” the crowd said.

While he was lying on the floor, crying, Constance walked over and gave him a solid kick in the arse.

“He needed one,” Constance said, then she and Sylvie embraced.

“Awwww,” the crowd said.

“Winner, Sylvie of Boden.”

“But, my lord, it wasn’t fair,” Marcheaux whined when he stood to face Treville.

“Shut up and go away. You deserved all you got.”

“Yes he did,” the crowd said.

“Next is Elodie of Éparcy.”

A heavily pregnant blonde woman waddled into the arena, carrying a bow and arrow. “Madam, are you sure you should be—”

Elodie lifted her bow and arrow, and shot Lavoie through the hat. “You were saying, herald?” Lavoie fainted.

“Very nice,” Treville said. “But what can you do in close combat?”

“This,” she said. She squatted, grunted, then lifted the baby into her arms.

“Awww!” the crowd said. Sylvie, Queen Anne and Sylvie ran over to have a look. Porthos had to be restrained from running into the arena for a cuddle.

“I can use a kitten if needs must,” Elodie said.

“Brilliant. Can I make you head of my army?” Treville said.

“Someone needs to be,” she said, smiling sweetly at Porthos.

Lavoie was revived with smelling salts and the jingling of a few gold coins in a tapestry purse. “Anyone else?” Treville asked him when he was back on his feet.

“Um, Anne of Winter wants to come back, my lord.”

“Seriously?” the crowd said, then groaned loudly.

“No, she can’t,” Treville said. “But tell her to come see me later.”

“Very good, my lord.” Lavoie was handed a note. “Wait, there’s one more—”

A man wearing stolen clothing and a silly amount of rings ran into the arena, holding a bomb with a lit fuse. “Nobody move! I am Lucien of Grim-oh. Give me Athos for my husband or I’ll kill everyone in this cathedral! I mean, palace!”

“Ladies?” Constance said, then slashed him across the throat with her sword. Sylvie shot him with
her pistol, the Queen stuck her hairpin through his eye, and Elodie put an arrow through his heart.

But still Grim-oh screamed that he wanted Athos, and he didn’t care who he took with him.

“Bastard,” the crowd muttered.


Athos vaulted over the dais rail, and one of the guards handed him a bucket of water. He threw the water at Grim-oh, who fell to his knees, crying, “I’m melting, I’m melting!”

Until there was nothing left but a puddle on the floor.

Sylvie ran to Athos who pulled her into his arms and kissed her, impregnating her on the spot.

“Yes!” cried the crowd.

“Bugger,” said Anne of Winter, lurking attractively in the shadows.

“Can I have one now?” Aramis said seductively.

“You have the queen,” his father told him. “No way in hell can you handle the other one.”

“I’m gonna be a daddy!” Porthos said, jumping over the rail and into the arena, before running to Elodie and cooing over the baby in her arms.

D’Artagnan clutched a fresh handkerchief to his nose. “Holy shit. Does that mean I get—”

“Yes, you get the only one of them who can keep you in line, my son,” Treville said, grinning.

“Oh man, this is gonna be epic,” he said, doing a triple lutz as he landed in the arena and ran to his chosen bride. She poked him in the chest with her sword to make him kneel before her, then she consented to kiss him.

“Awesome!” shouted the crowd.

And they all lived happily ever after.

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